The Way "That Cute Matty" Pitched Made a "Fan" of Kate Carew

She Went to "Cover" Her First Game of Baseball in Fear, Trembling and Utter Ignorance, but the National Fever Infected Her and She Will Never Recover from It.

Kate Carew is now in Europe for The She will interview there persons whose renown in the fields of statecraft. literature, art, society, etc., is world-wide, and, beginning next Sunday, will give to The Tribune's readers her characteristic bright, crisp, humorous portraits of these personages in word as well as in sketch.

O you mean to tell me that you've which reproach and pain were mingled-re- picturesqueness appealed to her esthetic proach that one of my years should have lived in vain, or at least indifferent to this diversion so dear to the heart of the American man, and pain that such things could be, in this enlightened age.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," I chirped flippantly. "Never seen a baseball game, a baseball field, a fan or a rooter. What's more, I've never wanted to."

My dears, for a moment my heart went pit-a-pat. I saw myself dismissed for incompetency rising from lack of journalistic enterprise and enthusiasm. And the worst of it was, up to that moment I'd always rather prided myself on my isolated and

Well, all he said was: "What a wasted life!"

Then he clutched his head in both hands, his elbows resting tensely on his desk-you know the sort of "I'm a ruined man" attitude, don't you? The deserted father and the bankrupt husband always assume the same pose on the stage.

A STRICKEN EDITOR.

After a while he sighed a sigh that was Really I don't know when I've been so touched. It was dreadfully pathetic. I wanted to console him for his shattered faith in me, but I didn't dare, for I had a It's really always better to be square horrid fear that if he didn't change the pose

with me? I'm afraid every time he spoke of a run I called it a stretch in the next breath, and I know I had vague visions of the Giants racing home, under a blue rib bon, like two-legged horses.

New-York

a horse race, with all the nice little jockeys galloping along on their beautiful beasts excited men shouting and applauding. A sigh for the good old racing days that are never seen a baseball game?" gone. Not that your auntie ever knew exclaimed my editor in a tone in much about racing, either, but at least its soul, and she had a feeling that baseball was going to be ugly and commonplace.

A TERRIBLE REVELATION. By the time we got to Brooklyn Bridge

about me and the depths of my ignorance But do you think he welched?

He led me up the steps and into the train that was going to jerk and rumble and whistle its way to Washington Park and he never once showed all the conwe discoursed pleasantly of the landscapes distinguished ignorance of the national and waterscapes visible from the bridge while the wheels rattled out a chorus which sounded to me like "Home runs, rooters, rooters, home runs," as they sped

But I felt we must hie us back to th subject of the game, so I threw myself upon the Sporting One's mercy. I told him of my wasted years, and how I had gloried in my shame. I begged him to help me, to let me gather from his great store of learning some glimmerings of an idea as to what I was going to do and see in the far end of Brooklyn.

Oh, but he was kind, my dears. He be came my counsellor and guide from that

with people, and besides it is so hard to soon I'd surely "pipe my eye" and that keep on pretending a knowledge of what

EVERYBODY YELLED, AND I GOT SO EXCITED THAT I PIPED "O-OH!

O-OH" TO THE MAN WHO WAS BEATING IT ROUND THE TRACK.

isn't at all the sort of thing to do in an you don't know and never did know and

editor's office-besides, your auntie doesn't never could understand. Yes, he certainly

weep as gracefully as she does some other

things. So I just gulped back my tears.

I thought of saying airly, "Life would be

endurable but for its pastimes," or some

other fool thing like that, just to make him

mad so that he would come out of his

trance of grief. But I did not have to try

Suddenly he roused himself-just like

that-jerkity jerk, all is ended, fudge! A

wonderful light came stealing on tiptoe

over his countenance. He beamed hopefully

upon me and I lightened up also, for that

eighth sense of mine had got a wireless

Now, by a curious coincidence, at this

very moment the door opened and in came

Giris, he was on his way to a baseball

Then your Aunt Kate knew it was base

ball, too, for her, or ignominy. She cast a

startled hare look around for a way of es-

cape. None visible, she threw a distracted

Eister Ann glance out of the window fo

OFF TO THE BALL FIELD.

Then, in a flash, she assumed that birdy

eyed, eager-to-learn air as a mask for he

resigned convictions and settled down to

Aren't we deceivers, my dear? But what can one lone female who has spent her life

sidestepping the lure of the hypnotic base-

ball do when she finally finds herself

brought to bay, trapped by an enthusiastic

editor and a more enthusiastic sporting edi-

So, as I've told you, being adaptable, you

Aunt Kate threw herself into her new part

with the fervor of a Bernhardt or a Clara

Morris, and in a jiffy acquired a sporting sort of air. I haven't studied people for

nothing, and I know the baseball face, the

wild-eyed-before-the-game glare. I caught

It. I must have, because it deceived the

sporting editor for a time, and when the

great man from his desk suggested that

the sporting one take me to the game he

seemed glad to do so and treated me at

once as a kindred soul, talking to me as

from his mental battery and it read:

"It is not too late to learn!"

And then the sparks flew.

the sporting editor.

signs of rain

man to man.

The scene must be lifted, but how?

was a forgiving nature.

"How long does it take to play a game?

Nine innings," I murmured, "Oh, really.

Mercy, I saw my finish if the Guide and

Counsellor could not come down to my

level and talk lay language. I found my

self whispering mechanically: "Well, if

there are nine innings to a game and three

cuts to an inning, how many inns are there to an outing?" just like "Alice in

Wonderland," and I knew I'd better keep

a firm hold on myself, so I asked, dis-

"Three strikes sometimes, sometimes

caught out, out running or at base. All

creetly and intelligently, I think:

"How long is an out?"

depends."

I ventured as we neared the grounds

They say art is longer than life."

"Nine innings," he replied

"Three outs," he elucidated.



MY EAGLE EYE DETECTED "MATTY" IN THE ACT OF THROWING A SPITBALL-AT LEAST, IT LOOKED JUST LIKE HIS DESCRIPTION OF ONE.

spirit and taught me that tenacity is the and on the Beau Brummel of the baseball better part of valor, so I persisted. "How long are strikes, out caughts and de Mar, who drives a yellow car, is fussy

outs and things either running or base style?" I demanded all in one breath. I must confess I smiled to myself here.

I felt I had him. No one could solve a roblem like that all in a minute, and I fairly jumped when he answered: "Instantaneous, usually-snap! just like that-no time at all."

Phew! Again I almost gave it up, but I made one more gasping effort.

"How long in actual hours and minutes is a game?"

" 'N hour and a half, about. It depends on how many innings they play. That was my last. I mentally threw up my hands. Maybe the light would dawn when I saw them play. Anyway, I felt the time had come to talk of things other than

"Do you think women ever understand

the duration of the game, so I asked

different kinds of question.

"Oh, a few. My sister does." These lucky women blessed with arith metical and scientific minds, to whom inn ings and outings and strikes and pitches are all in the day's enjoyment, I envied them. But what I said was:

MATTY'S DISCOURAGING WORDS.

"You see, I've never really taken it up seriously myself, because when I interviewed Mathewson he told me it was quite impossible for women to understand the fine points of the game as men do, and I thought he ought to know."

My Counsellor preserved a discreet silence guess he was beginning to agree with Mathewson, but he didn't like to be discouraging, and as I was feeling quite cheered up and chatty again I begged him to give me some information about the players, who so modestly banded themelves together as Giants and Superbas Here he was most responsive, and told me interesting tales of the pitching prowess of the air! "Matty," how he studied the weak points It was a spit ball, I believe. You know, of his opponents and gave cute, little twirls the kind he moistens twice with his

retired vanquished, but long years at the he used his head to save his arms. He ex-interviewing game have given me a humble patiated on "Laughing Larry." the batter. field, "Rube" Marquard, yelept Sir Richard about his ties and believes every word of gush in the mash notes he receives. spoke, too, of the "American Beauty" and "Ten Thousand Dollar Lemon" and "Big Chief" Meyers, and Merkle, the first baseman, and heaps of other things, till it became a kind of Chinese puzzle to me by and by trying to sort out the basemen from the bats and the "beauties" from the

"lemons," and I wasn't sorry when we got to the grounds. My Official Escort merely showed a small but potent pass, whereas I had to have a ticket purchased for me, and go in a roundabout way and wait patiently till the Sporting Editor came and found me and pilotted

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

me to our seats.

There were the men distributed over the diamond. The Giants, in gray, with black and white stockings and black caps. The Superbas, in white. And round the field were hundreds and hundreds of men and women, all concentrating on the little group of basebal! players. There was the silence of a great event. Tensely the male portion of the onlookers puffed away at long

I palpitated. I knew we had come at crucial moment. Even the Sporting Editor spoke with bated breath: "Second inning, first half, first's over."

Wasn't it clever of him to know where they were all in a minute like that? And, then, oh, my dears, something did happen.

There was Matty, looking like a sun god, standing square in the full limelight, as it were. He wore a calm go-as-you-please sort of expression, but his eye was hawklike. He raised his arm casually and

and cuts to the ball to fool them, and how fingers and makes drop about where he

It Isn't All Clear in Her Mind Even Now, All That Business About Pinch Hitters, Three-Baggers and Spit Balls, but She Certainly Knows What the Baseball Thrill Is.

a child of nature, I out with it.

To be honest, I don't know whether I meant Matty or the spit ball was charming. It was Matty I was looking at mostly. I had seen him only once before, you The Giants were playing in fine style. know, and then he was very beautiful in green clothes—tie, shirt, socks, all emerald. give me a fearful start. He would fall and they were most becoming. Gray didn't flat, from choice, you know, and he'd slide suit him quite so well, but he certainly was a dramatic and picturesque figure all beat the ball. Then he'd get up covered the same as he stood there in the sunlight, with his cap jerked over one eye, his great shoulders thrown back, every muscle taut, and his body perfectly poised, ready for any necessary gyration.

WORSHIPPING AT MATTY'S SHRINE

Girls, your Aunt Kate joined the worshippers at Matty's shrine in those few seconds. Oh, the subtlety of the pitcher's

"Three out, inning ended," remarked my Counsellor, while I was still gazing at Matty of the Diamond. "Isn't Matty going to throw any more?"

I asked wistfully. "Oh, yes, after he bats. They change off, you see, play awhile, then bat."

I watched Matty's progress off the green to a long low house at one side of the hatting place. It looked to me like an extended kennel. Could it be possible-"What is that low building?" I questioned

the Sporting Editor. "Oh, that's the bench where the players

"Where they rest, you mean; but I don't see any bench."

"It's inside." Of course it was, but really I must say it was a very cramped and disorderly looking place for the poor dears to rest. It was all littered up with sweaters and caps and other odds and ends, just as men generally manage to get any amount of space, if left to themselves for

The Sporting Editor grew informative again at this point and he told me how the game was going-that the Giants were waking up and that the Superbas were play ing languidly, as if their minds were o other things. He showed me Ebbets, one of those baseball magnates, who own the teams, buy men outright and in fact seem to run the whole organization of the national game, which is about as complicated as a borough council. He also pointed out McGraw, who wins pennants with the

They didn't look a bit sporting either; go a sort of a hard-working father of a family appearance, both of them.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

"Do they hate each other-the two Bables" act again, but I've got such a thirst for information

"Dear me, no," laughed the Sporting Edi-"Best of friends. Baseball's more goodnatured than-than"-

"Prize fighting or politics," I interpolated.

But it just came into my head, and, being fans, rooting for the downtrodden Su-

Well, my dears, I am afraid I never did get really into the spirit of the game till just toward the end, and then I woke up. could tell that. Sometimes a man would along, it seemed for miles, in an effort to with dirt and glory. He'd stolen a base! At last I got a real baseball thrill. It

was grand. It was like this: Whiz-z-z went a ball hurtling through the air. C-r-rack went the bat awaiting it, and away flew the white bullet square into the grandstand, where spectators and attendants grabbed for it as if it had been the Kohinoor diamond.

"A home run, a home run:" shouted every

"Run, you!" howled the crowd to the sprinters.

On dashed the players, to and fro swayed the onlookers. "O-oh, o-oh, o-oh, hooray!" squealed your Aunt Kate.

AUNT KATE MOUNTS A CHAIR.

Oh, girls! I never was more wrought up in my life. Your little female relative forgot her years and scrambled to the top of her seat like a squirrel and perched there, chanting a sort of pæan of "O-ohs!" and

They did it, the Giants! They got where they wanted to. The crowd gave one mighty sigh of relief and burst into a storm of applause. I stormed on my little own. The light had dawned. I'd caught the fever. I was a baseball enthusiast. Isn't it funny how the greatest things come along suddenly like that?

Then, when it was all over, I sat down and wondered what had happened and why it meant so much to me.

I really was quite limp for a while, and when the Sporting Editor told me the game was ended and the Giants had won I moved along quite apathetically to the gates.

I noticed other people seemed to feel the same way. Got quiet all in a moment. Elderly men settled their spectacles on their noses with precision and put their imbrellas under their arms. Matrons who had been beside themselves with enthusiasm patted the flowers in their bonnets quite almly, pretty girls giggled over their wild Indian behavior of a few minutes before and youths lit fresh cigarettes and chatted wisely of "lily white mushes" and "spitalls," "drops" and "pinch hitters," etc.

Yes. I'm sure I've caught it, the national fever, and I'm glad I have. A home ran hrill is a wonderful thing. I know a certain small boy who shall begin playing at I asked, doing the "Helen's the game in somebody's back yard or a vacant lot, if his Aunt Katie has anything It certainly is a good thing to put asid

office worries and home cares and school trials, to go out for an hour or two in the sunshine and soft breezes and concen-"Yes; it is much more amicable. Most of trate on that little group of players on a these players have been team mates at one diamond shaped stage with a bat and a ball



SHERLOCKING FOR THE BALL WHEN THE AMERICAN BEAUTY STOLE THIRD BASE.

knew it was something of a stunt, and the crowd yelled with joy. "Charming!" I cried enthustastically

Now, wasn't that a silly adjective to use?

easily, and whizz went the ball through intentions. He did it this time. Even I vate solidarity."

"And what about the umpires?" I con tinued. "Do they ever come in on the soli-"No," said the Sporting Editor. "They

don't. Theirs is a sort of hangman's job. They are powerful, but never popular." Of course, I am beginning to see lots of good points in the game," I said politely. "But it distresses me that they are so untidy about everything. The men look so dingy and dirty, and they fling their caps and mittens about just like naughty little boys. The balls are the only things they really look after. How many do they use-

"No, no," said the Sporting Editor, a shade impatiently. "One ball-that is, one at a time.

"One for each side?" "No; one for both sides."

"But I've seen a dozen balls at least. Which is the ball? The one they keep their eyes on, isn't it?" "Any one-it doesn't make any differ-

My dears, I ask you, could you hope to nderstand that man? Personally, I consider the housekeeping

of baseball wretched and extravagant.

ADMIRATION IS IMPARTIAL.

Just then there was a great outburst of cheering. I supposed that Matty had done something characteristically brilliant, but not at all. Somebody on the other side had done something at Matty's expense-'soaked him." as my counsellor put it. It did seem mighty mean to cheer a man An Englishman, you know, is so very dull one moment and cheer the chap who and stolid and limited. Your modern Engsoaked him the next.

ventured, provoked at such disloyalty. "New York fans do. These are Brooklyn night and talks of nothing except golf."

pleases, so that it foils the batsman's best | time or another, so they've reason to culti- | and youth, skill and vigor for stage prop

A NEW PROFESSION. Harry Furniss, the celebrated English

cartoonist, was asked in New York how, England avoids the trust evil. "England has its trusts," said Mr. Furniss. "We have many powerful truststhe thread trust, for example. But our trusts are not exposed by the press, as yours are. They avoid investigation by the government, as yours do not. Mr. Furniss turned over the pages of

is morning paper. "My paper is full of trust investigation he said. "But these investigations -what do they accomplish? Very little, indeed, if there is any truth in a story I

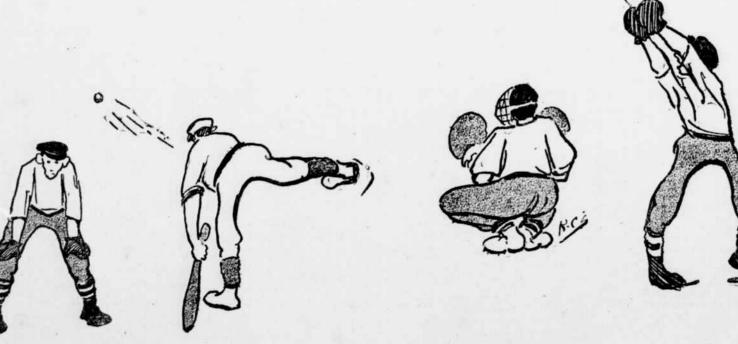
"Two music hall proprietors, in this tory, were discussing their programme. "'How about that mathematical phenomenon? Where is he now? asked the enior partner. 'His turn is popular; we might put him on. Wonderful the way he

could juggle figures." "The junior partner shook his head "He will never juggle figures for us again,' he said. 'He's making a fortune now preparing reports for trusts about to be investigated by the Senate committee."

THE MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

Lady Duff Gordon, at a tea at the Plans in New York, praised American vivacity. "Your high spirits and your humor," she said, "are very refreshing to us English lishman, indeed, might be described as on who plays golf all day and talks of nothin except bridge, while he plays bridge all





He little knew that most of his conversa tion was like Choctaw to me. SOME CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF THE PLAYERS home stretches and what had they to do